

MARVEL

EXCLUSIVE

**INFINITY
COMICS**



015



DEADPOOL

JUDGEMENT

IN

PARADISE LOST

Hud, hudda
don? Muthnum
Dudboo.*

*Hi, how ya
doing? My name
is *Deadpool*.



Ludthaptuh,
ahbuffyrrd burullybadguh
da aiddnab a aiddnabed

do gldnab a gldnabbed
mootan awuh frum
less badguhs.**

**Last chapter, I was hired
by a really bad guy to kidnap
a kidnapped mutant away
from less bad guys.

Budd lethlethbudguhs
galled deUnthtopubuls--
uhknow, iddfunny--sdobbed
muh an' den Duggernaut
bunthed muh fath.
Vurry hawd.***

***But less, less bad guys
called the *Unstoppables*--
I know, it's funny--stopped
me, and then *Juggernaut*
punched my face. Very hard.

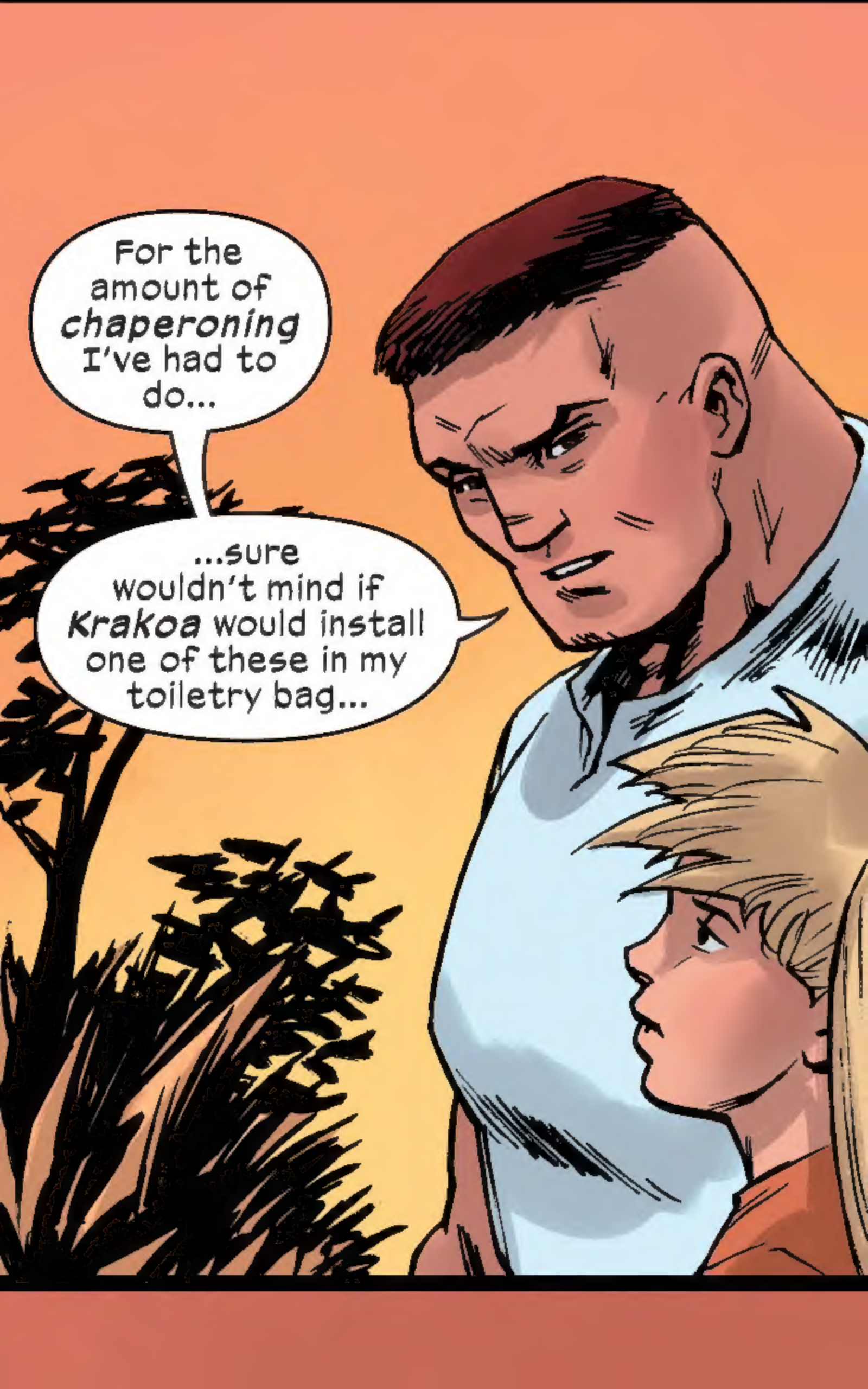
**CHAPTER THREE
THAT DOESN'T MEAN
WE HAVE TO LIKE IT**

SLAUGHTER CREEK PRESERVE. TWO HOURS AGO.

Is the *gate*
much farther,
Andrea?

Just
up ahead,
Mr. Marko.



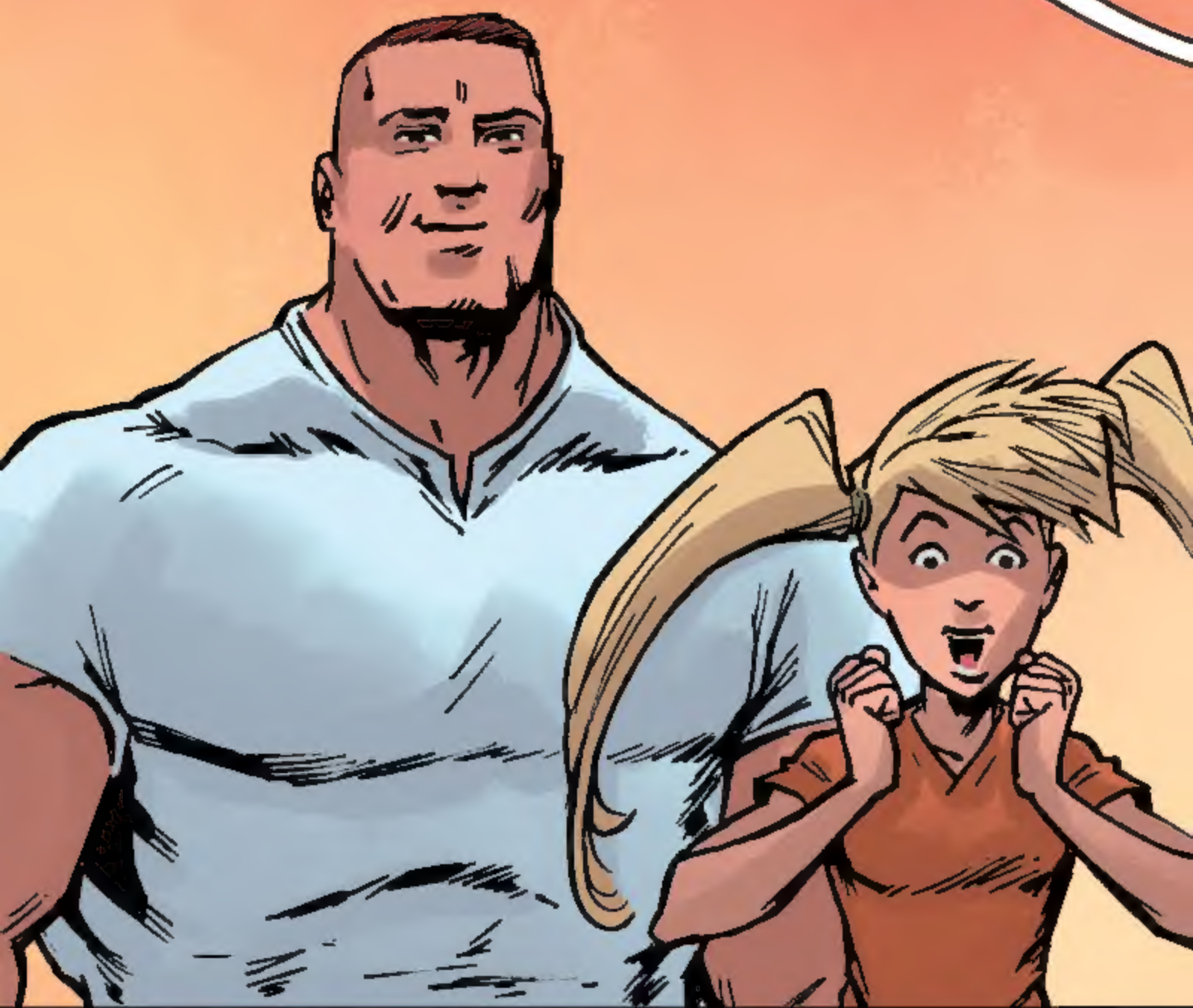
A comic book panel featuring a man and a woman in a jungle environment. The man, with short brown hair and a light blue shirt, is looking down at the woman with a serious expression. The woman, with blonde hair, is looking up at him. The background is a warm orange-yellow color with dark, silhouetted foliage on the left. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man and one from the woman.

For the
amount of
chaperoning
I've had to
do...

...sure
wouldn't mind if
Krakoa would install
one of these in my
toiletory bag...

So, to
come see
you--

--I'd have to
walk past a pair
of *nail clippers*
the size of my
forearm?



No, thank
you.

Bloody

bloody
thing weighs
two stone.

See, even by
ancient old man
standards, no,
thank you.





Ladies and

gentlemen, the
super hero supreme
and rescuer of
mutants in distress,
Juggernaut.

They're
letting you
stream everything
you do all day
long?



They
don't know my
glasses are
a *camera*.



See
you soon,
Cain!

Thank you,
Mr. Marko. I
don't care what
Mr. Cassidy
says, you're a
good guy!



And what
is it that
Mr. Cassidy
says...?

He says we
do know *D-Cel's*
glasses are a
camera.

Figured
you did,
Tom.



So many
teenagers on

that damn island.
So. Many.

The
hormones. The
drama...

It's
been good
for you.

Ups and
downs.

Thank you for
getting *Rubber
Maid* out. And, yes,
I know we have to do
something about
that name.





No chatter
from authorities
or the media.

I assume
it all went
smoothly?



Nope. We were
compromised,
and it got

complicated.

Do I
want to
know?

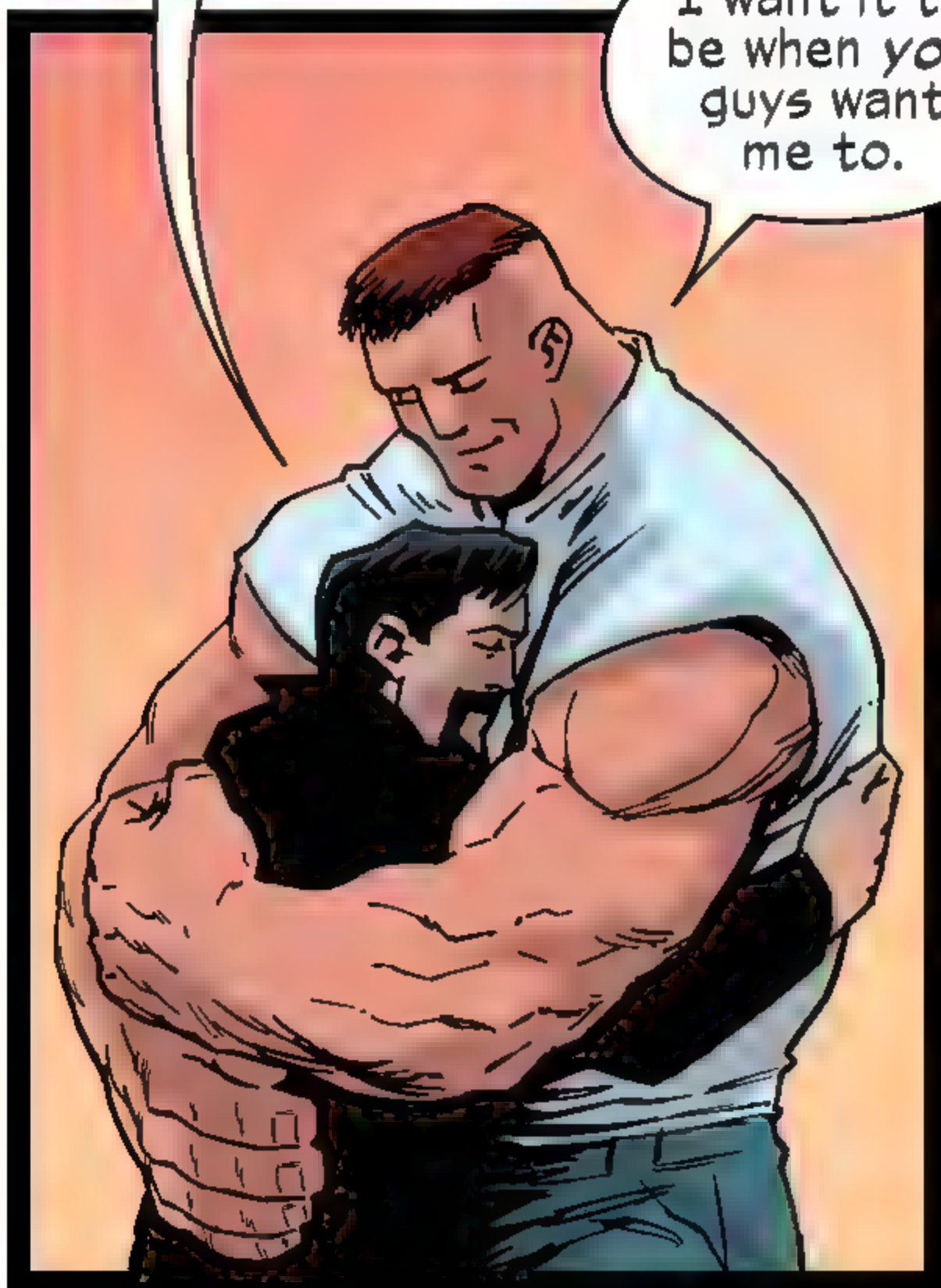
Nope. 'Cus of
what I have to do
next, better that
you don't.



Y'know you
can visit Krakoa
whenever you
want now.

I know.
I'm being
stubborn.

I want it to
be when *you*
guys want
me to.

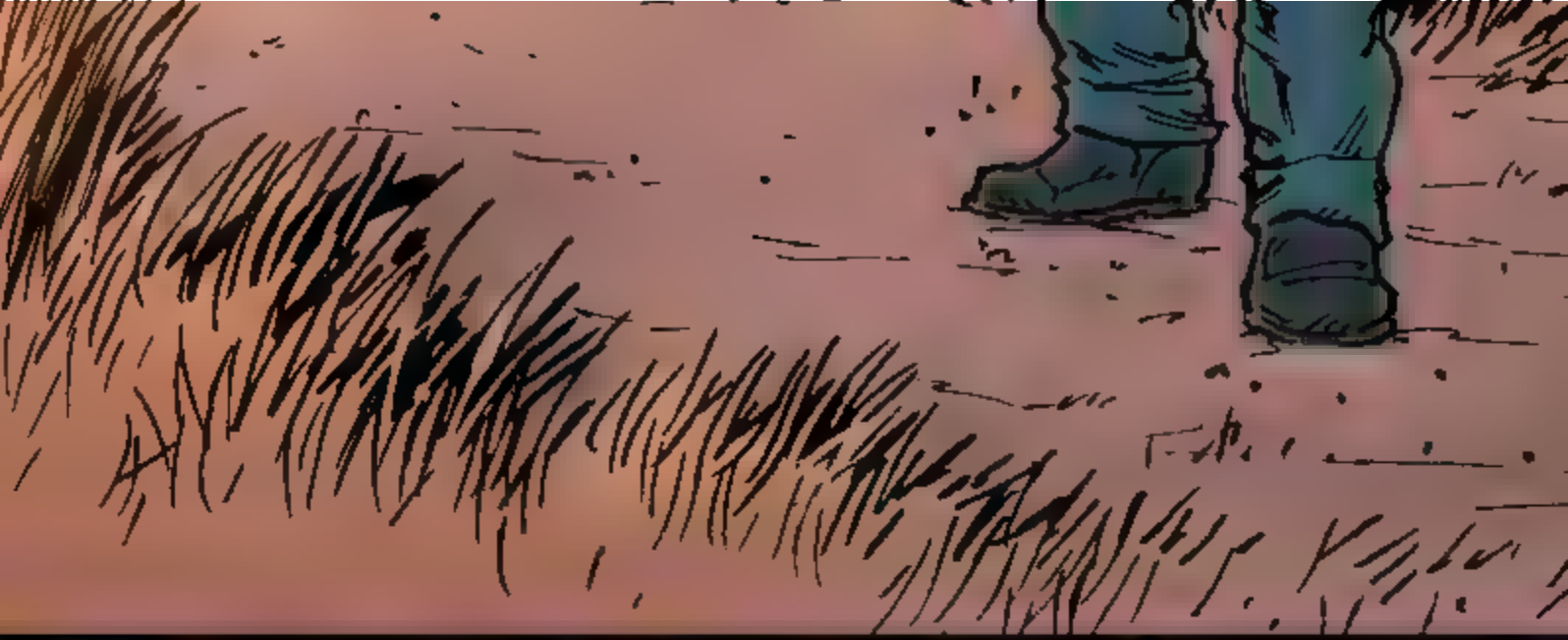




Don't
do anything
too stupid,
boyo.



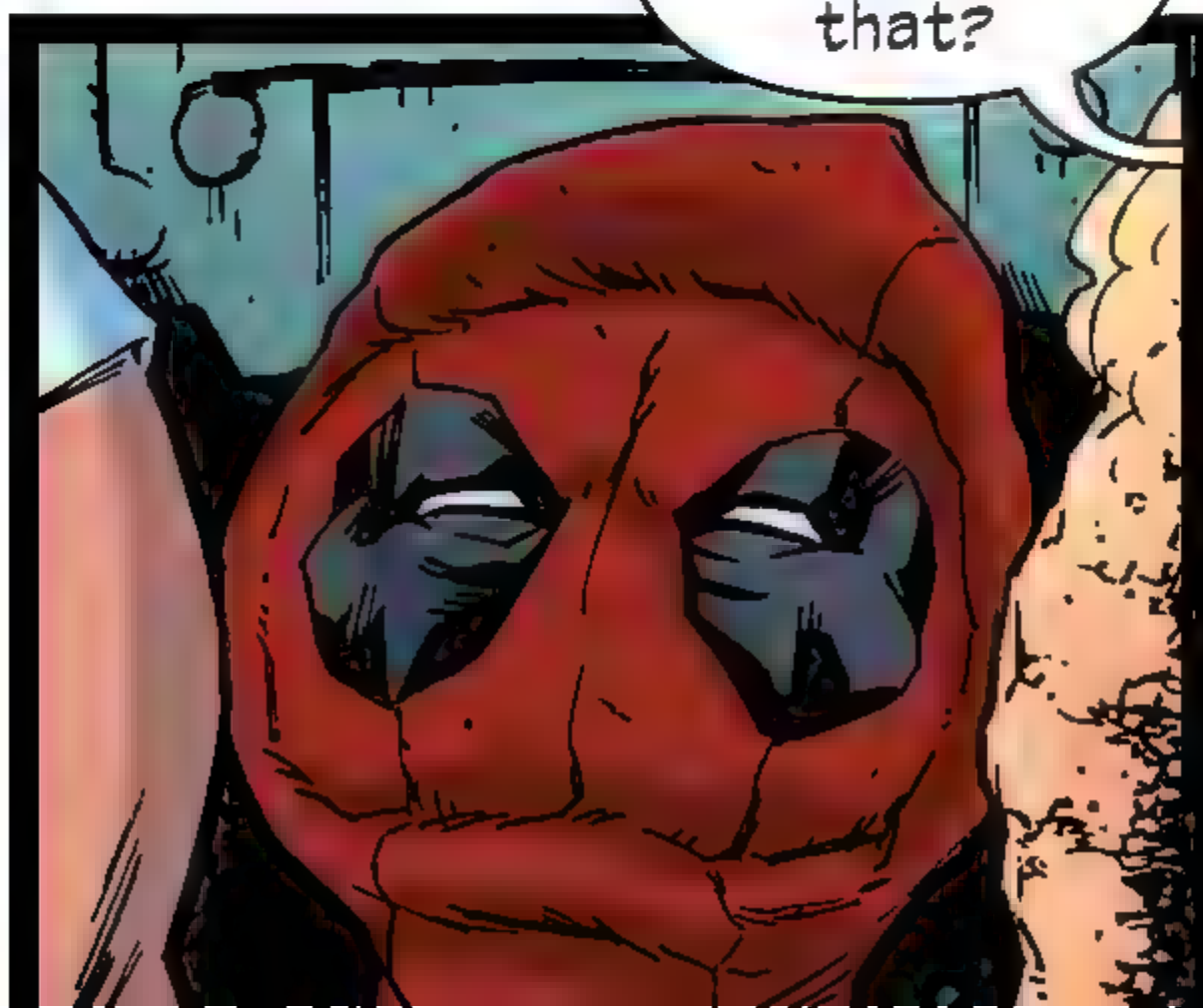
Yeah...



"...too late."

HOW.

Is he
still supposed
to look like
that?





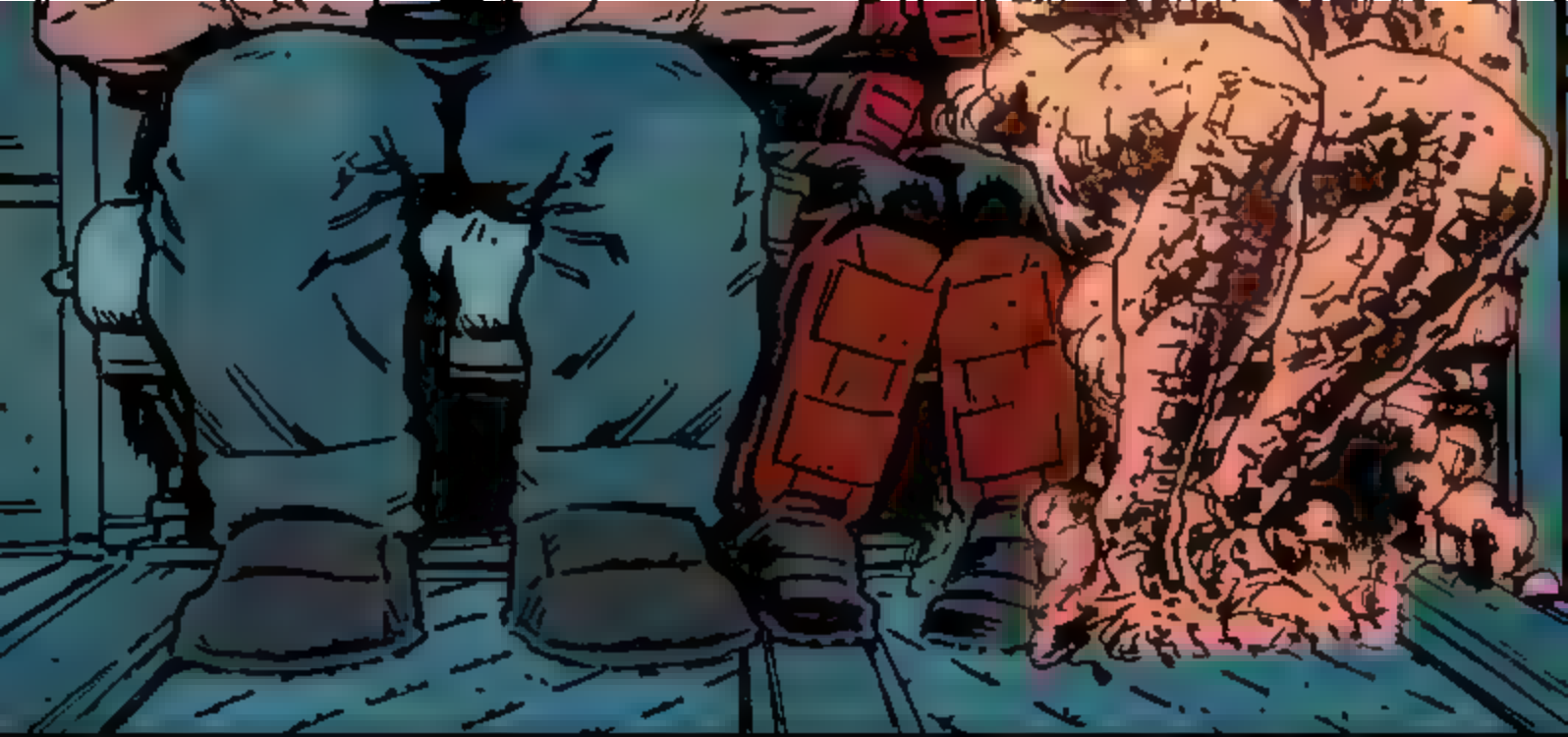
It's taking *Deadpool* a little longer to *regenerate* than usual.

Mmmrrph.

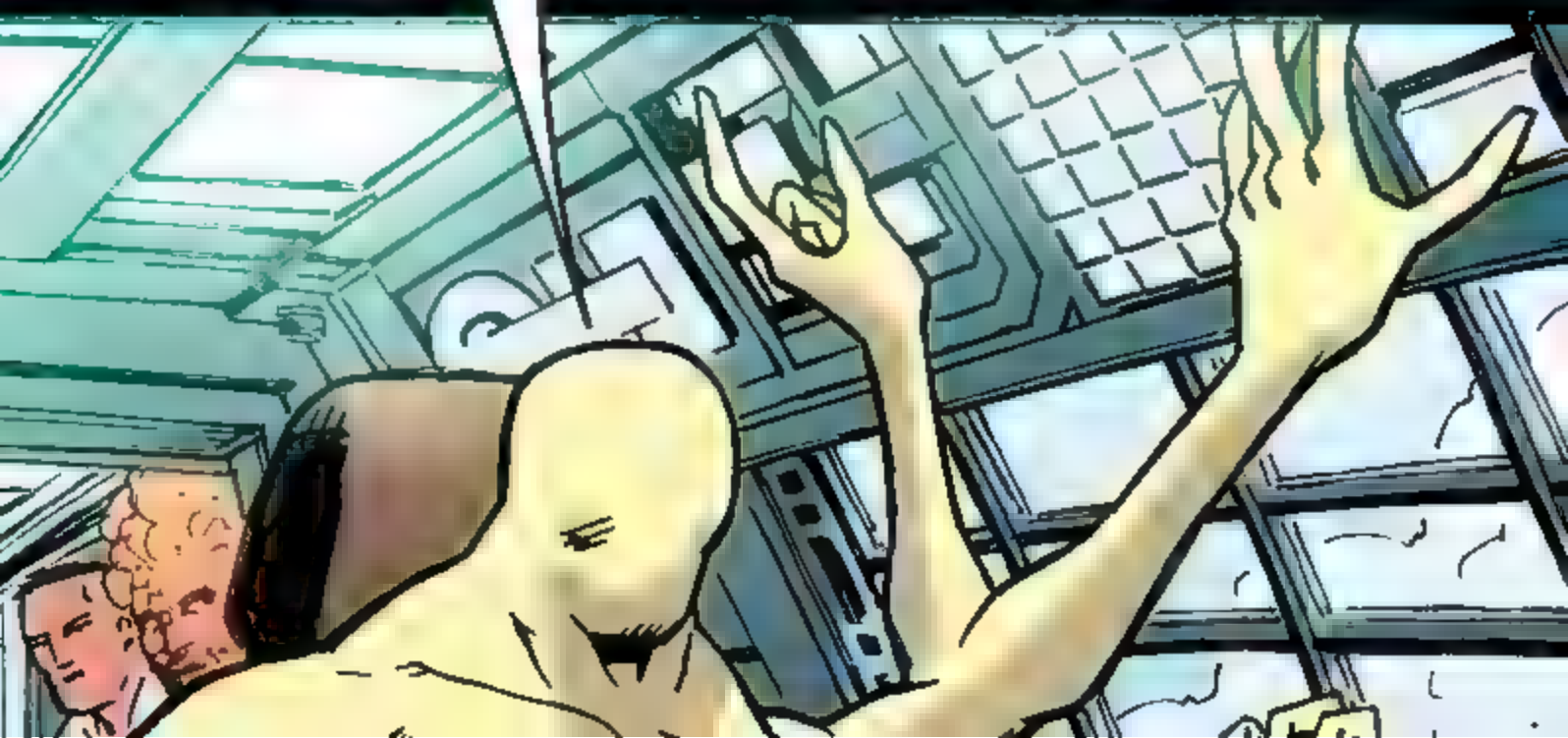
I know I hit you a few more times than I should've, *Wilson*. I said I was sorry.

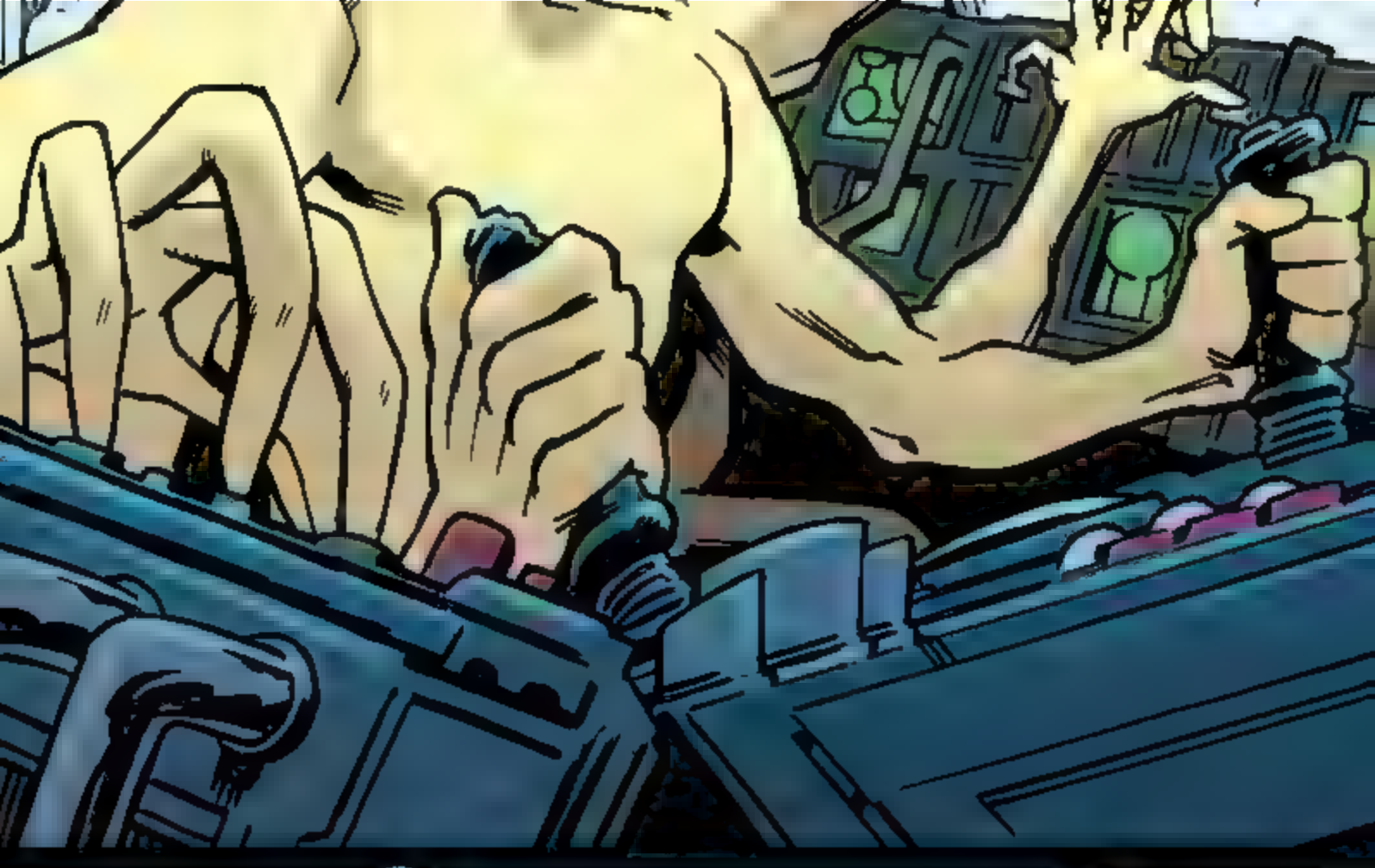
Phuph.



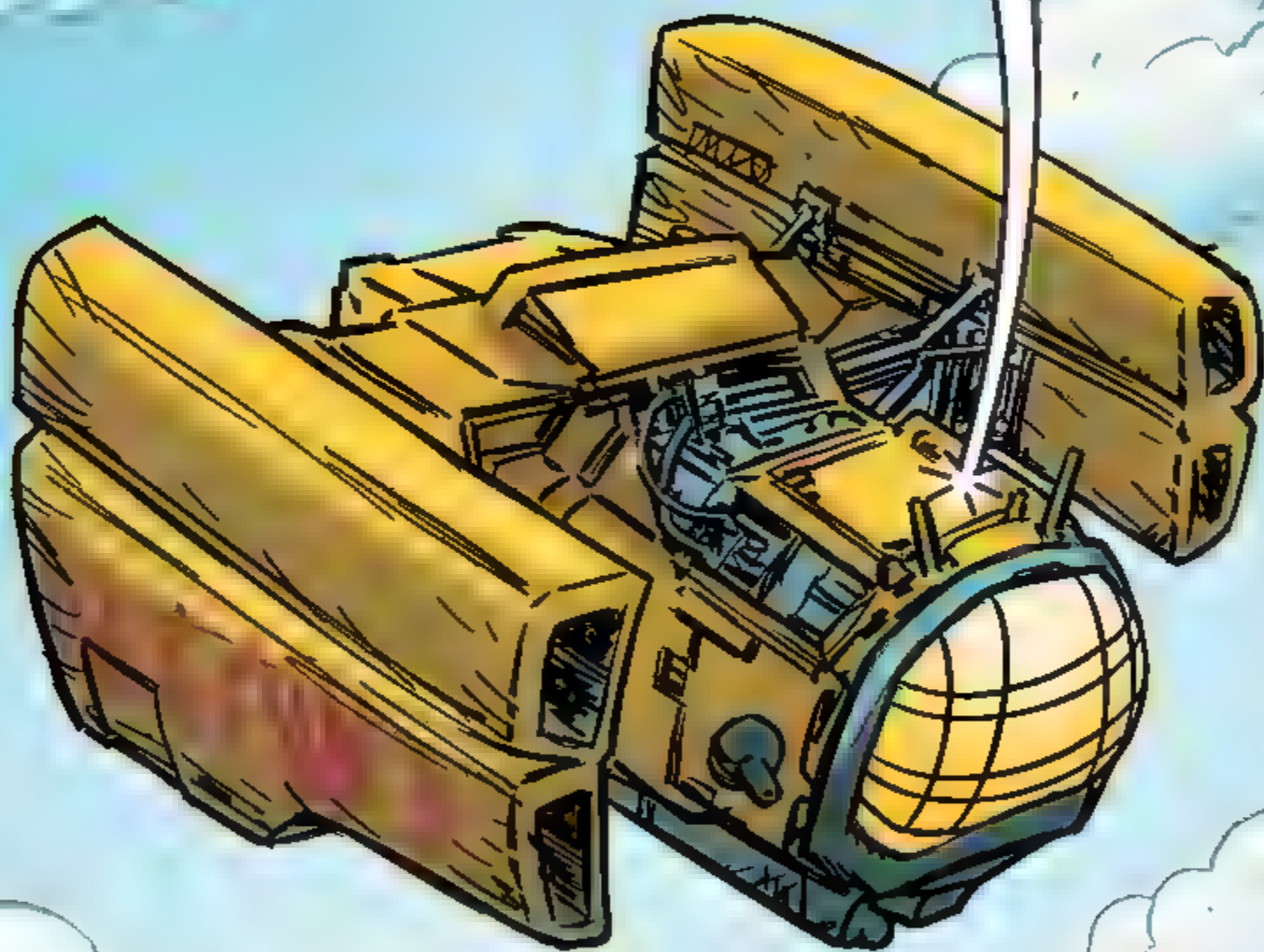


This is *Captain Primus* speaking. Please fasten your seat belts as we're coming in for a landing...





...and
Arnim Zola's
hideout does not
accommodate
runways!





A comic book panel depicting a scene in a forest. On the ground, there is a yellow, mechanical, rectangular device with a circular base. Two bright red energy beams originate from the device and extend diagonally upwards towards the top right corner of the frame. The forest floor is covered in brown leaves and twigs, with several trees visible in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above the device.

Primus,
c'mon!



Never
mind. Nice
landing.

Zola!

Watch
your step,
Mr. Wilson.

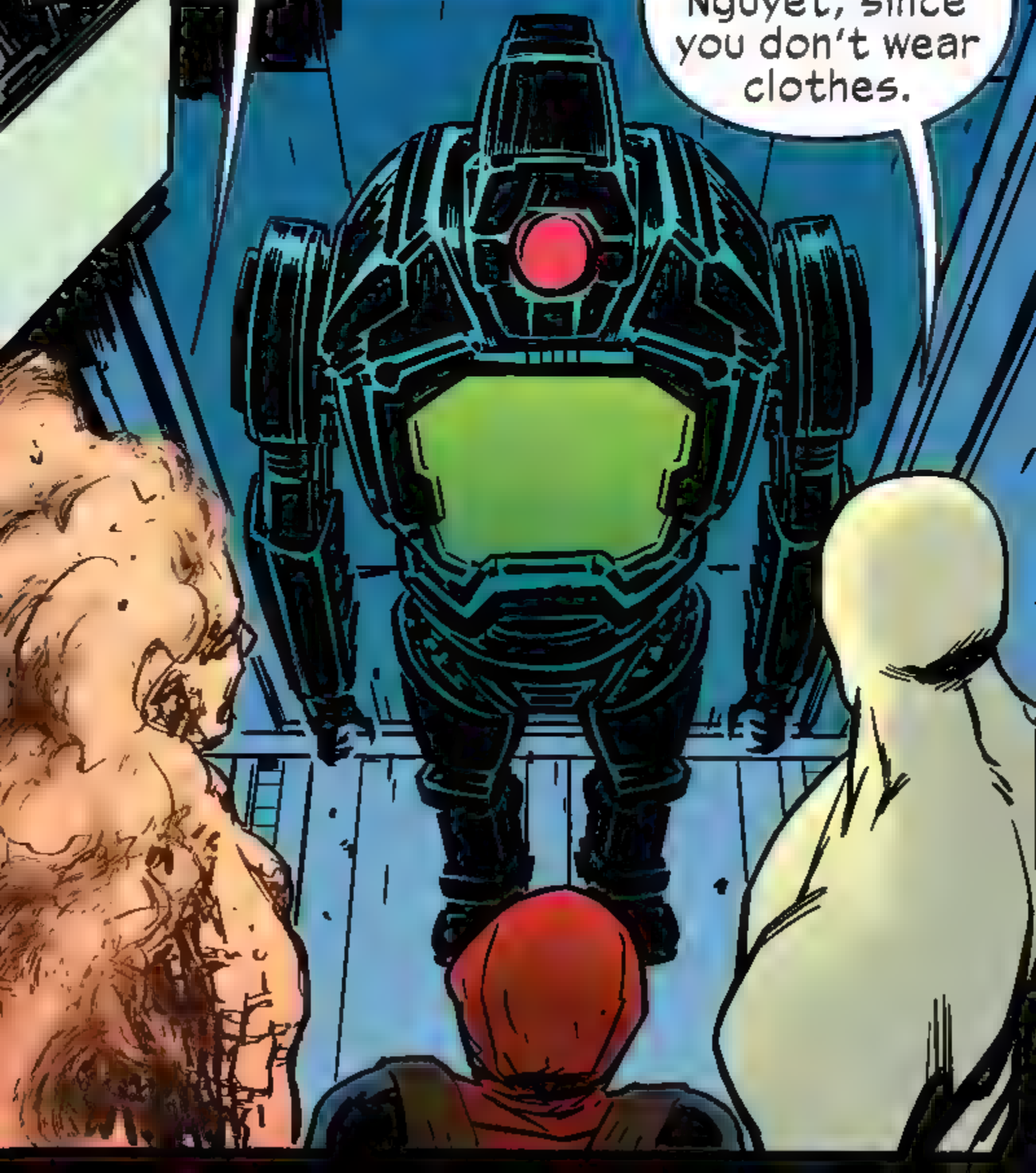
Thuphtt.



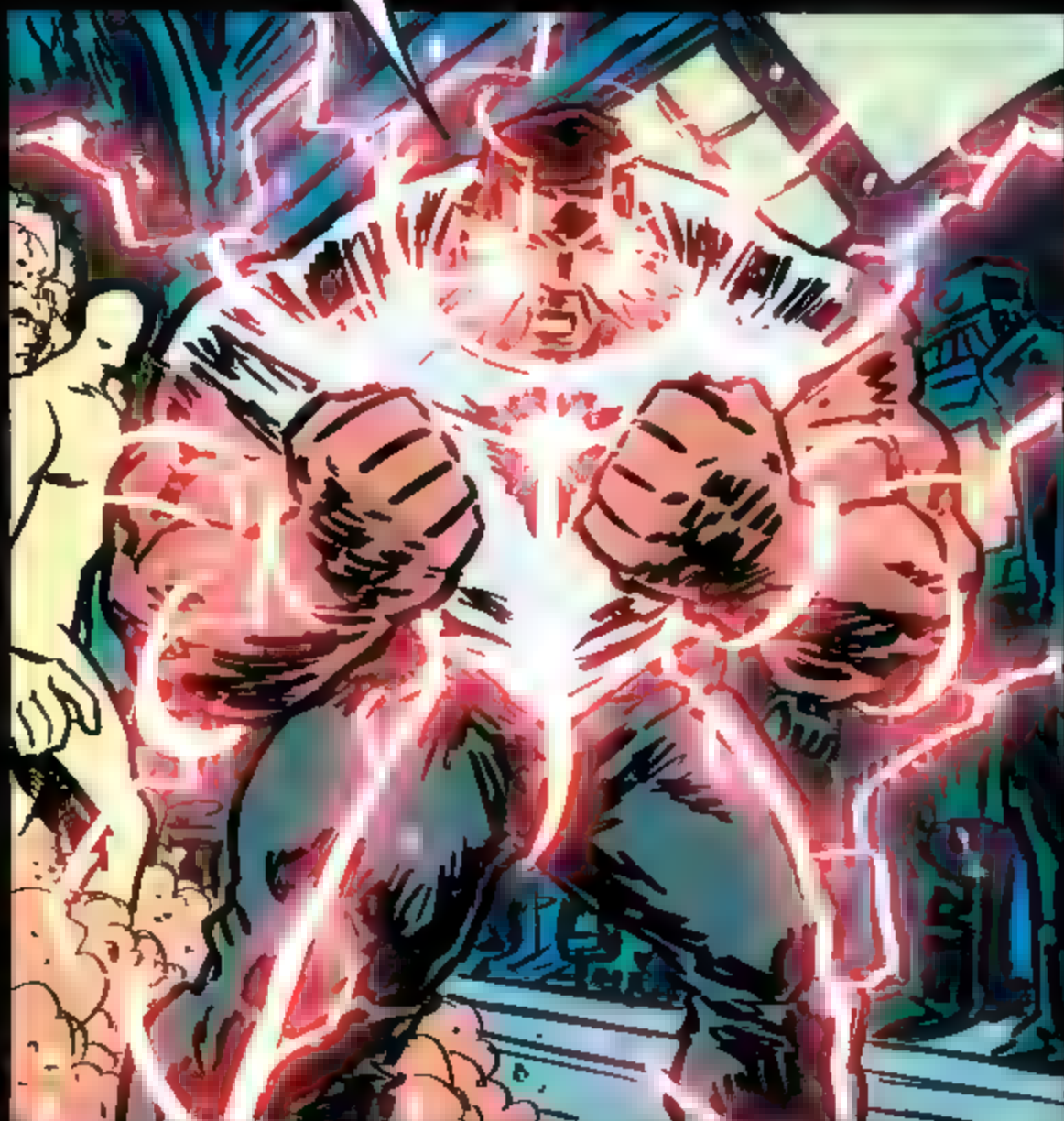
Is he
deactivated?

Zola has
been changing
robot bodies
the way you
would change
clothes.

Uhm, not
you, I guess,
Nguyet, since
you don't wear
clothes.

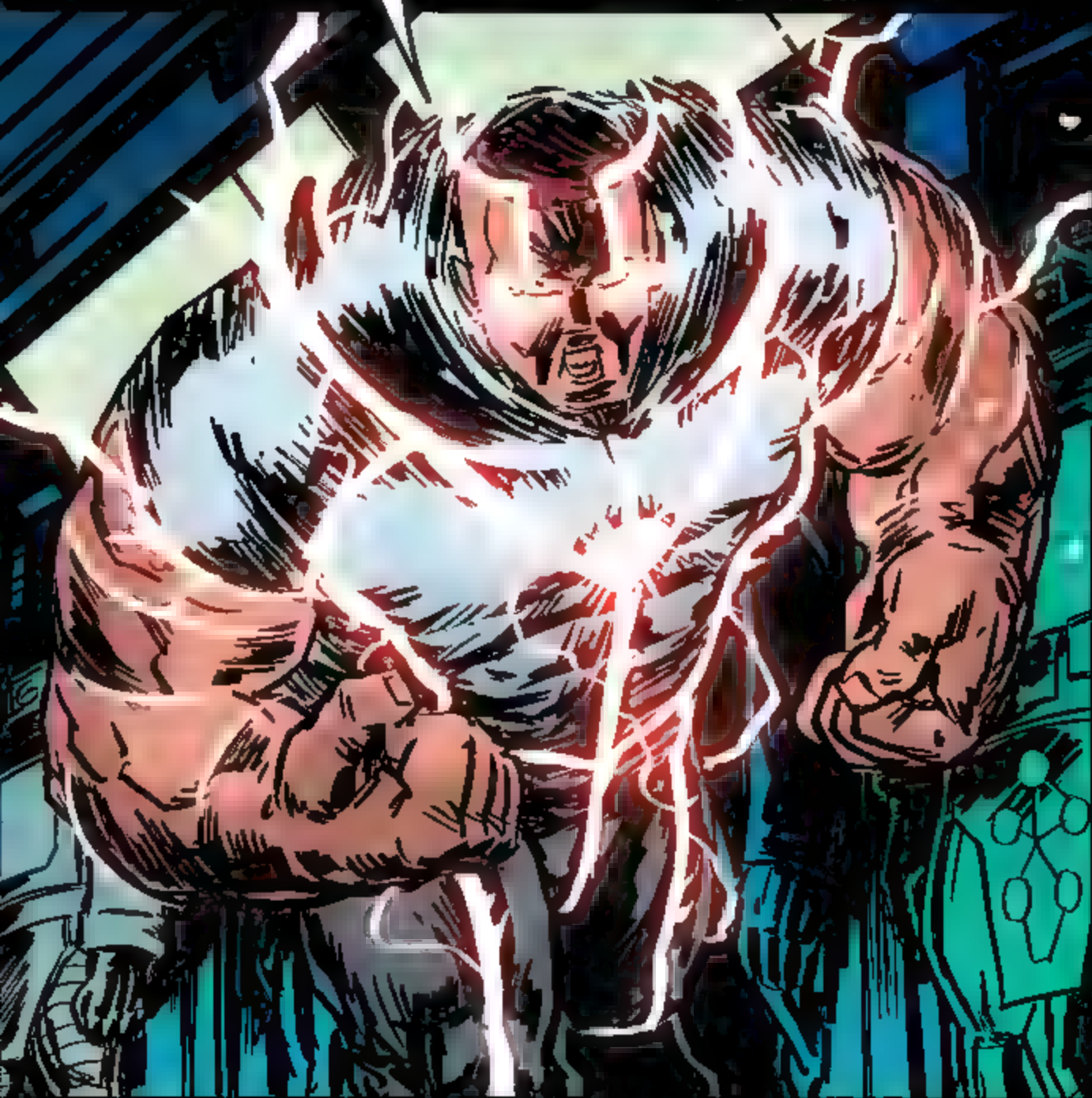


Y'know, this
Nazi is really
starting to
annoy me.



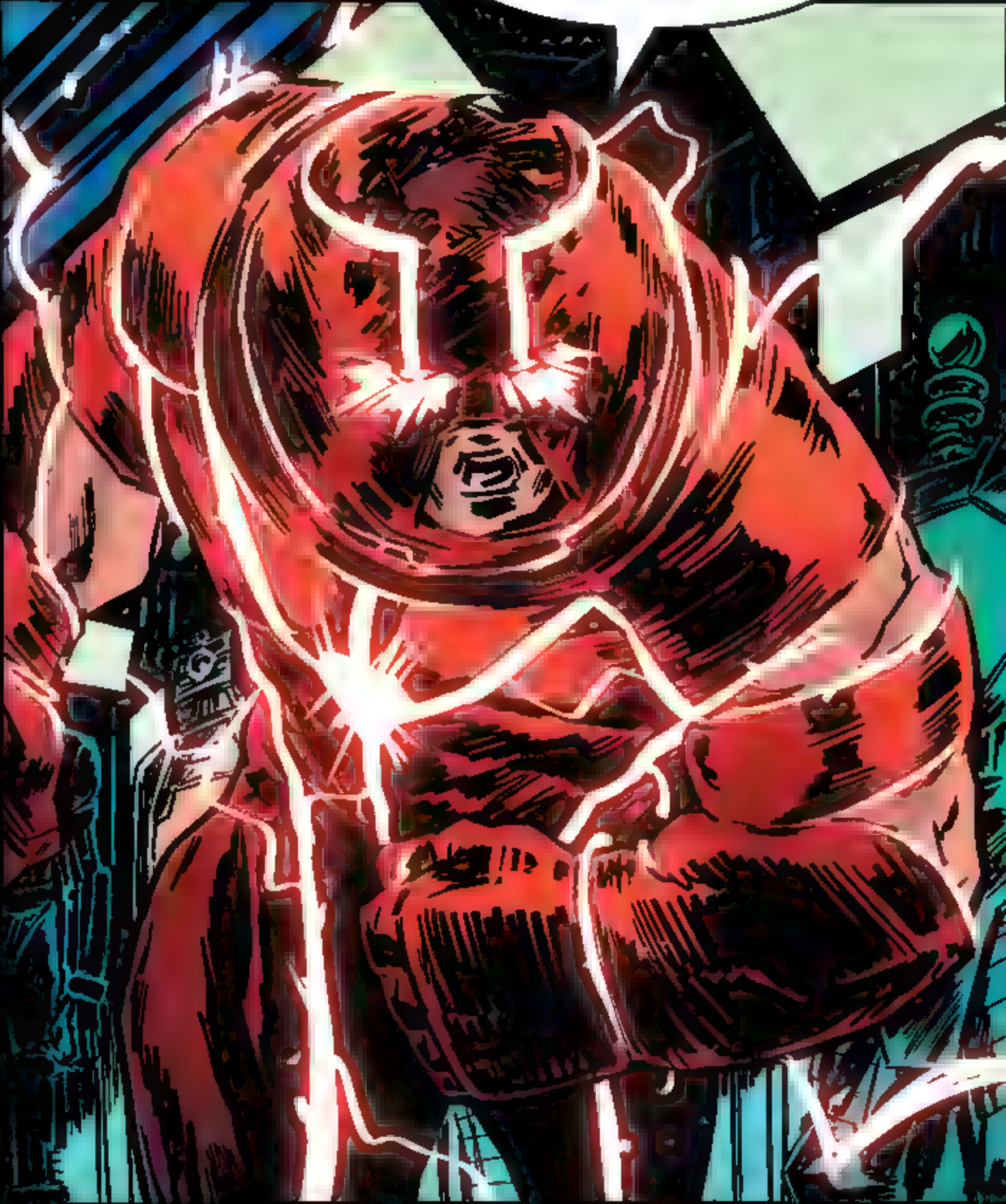
Zola!

Show
yourself!

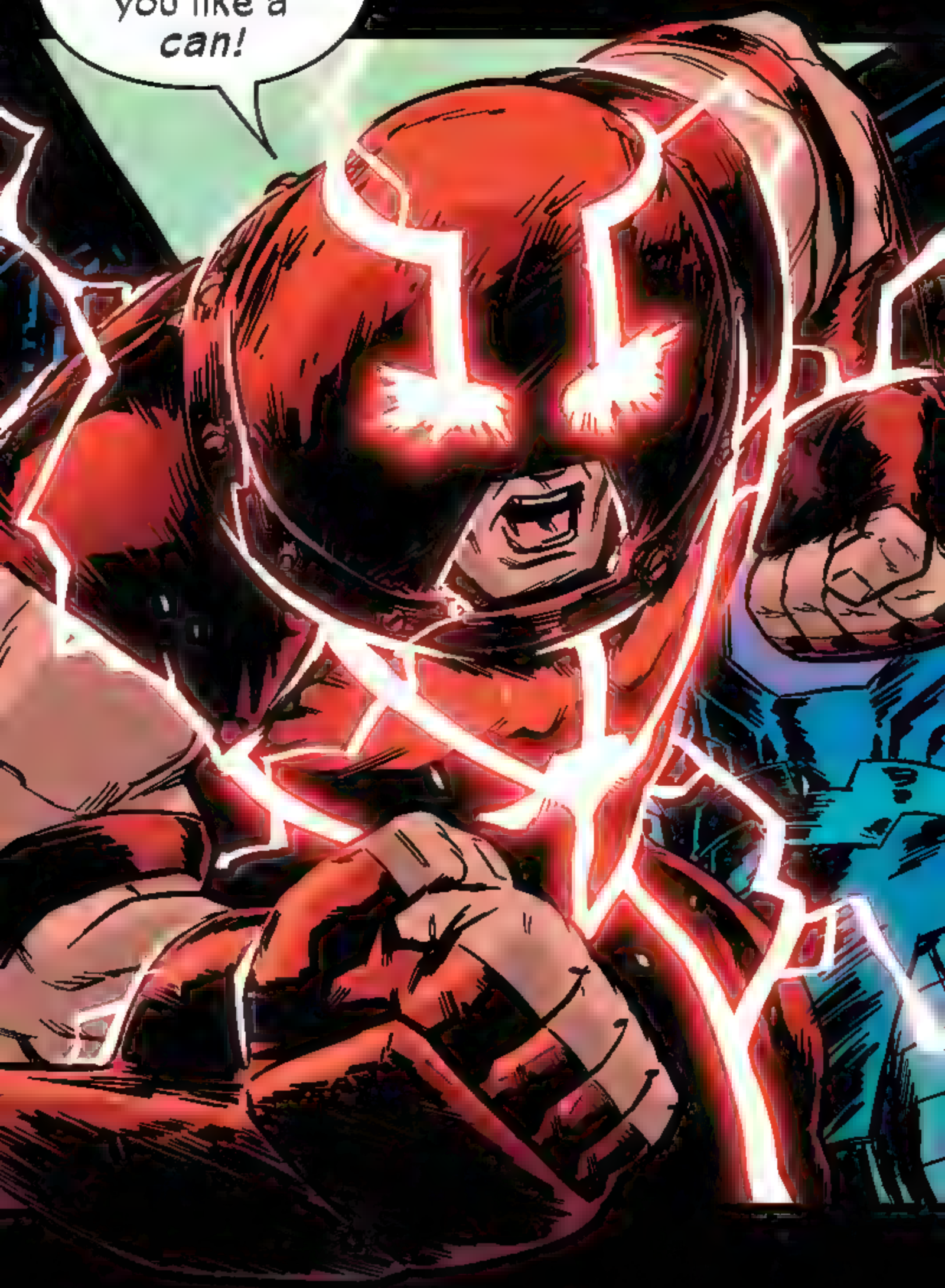


Only reason
you're not
as *dead* as a
Betamax
right now--

--is 'cus
I stopped *D-Cel*
from destroying
you!



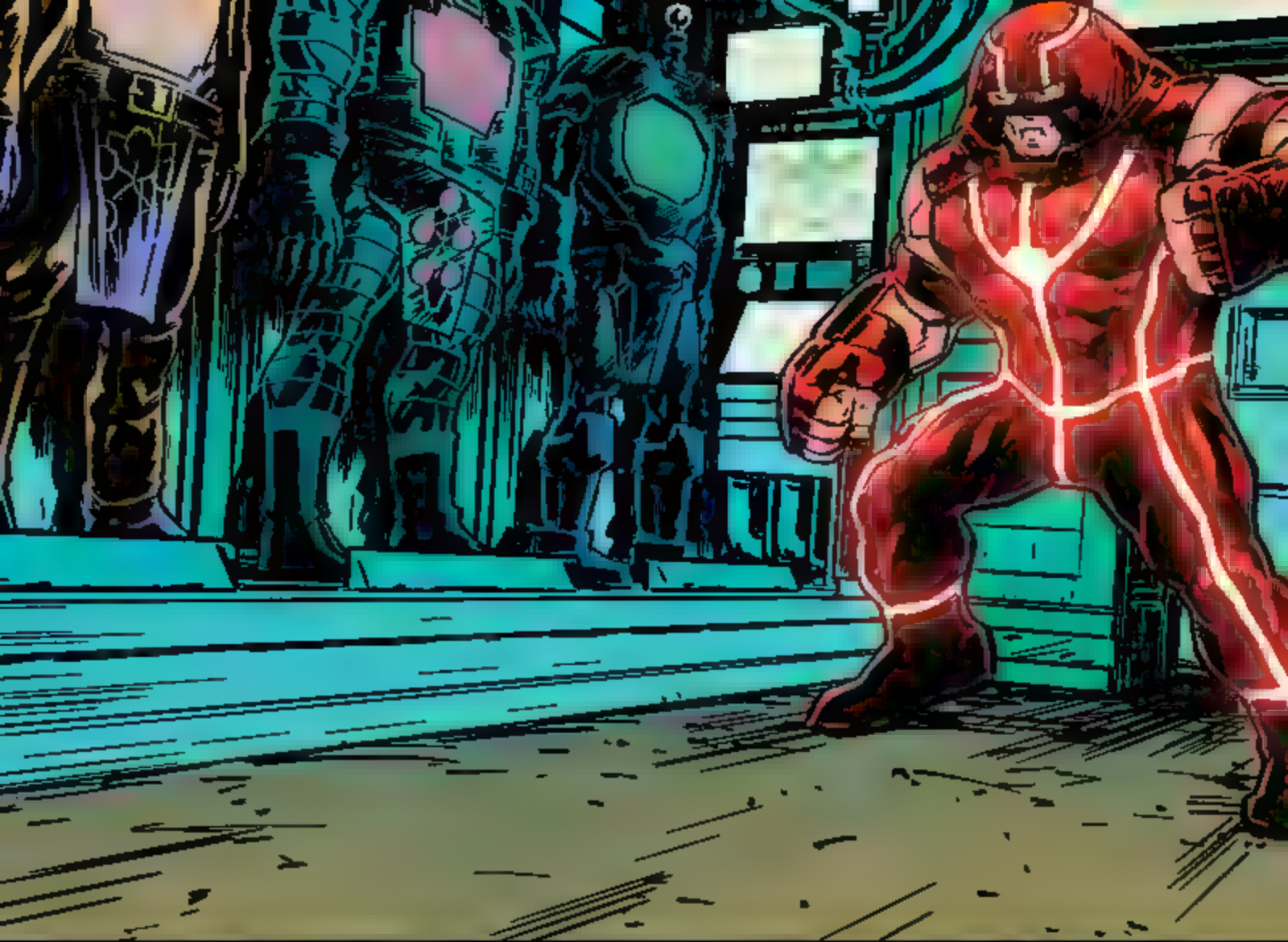
So show
yourself *now*,
or I'll crush
you like a
can!





*Apologies,
Herr Marko.*

*I was...
resting.*



Occasionally,
I must perform
server maintenance
to update my data
storage.



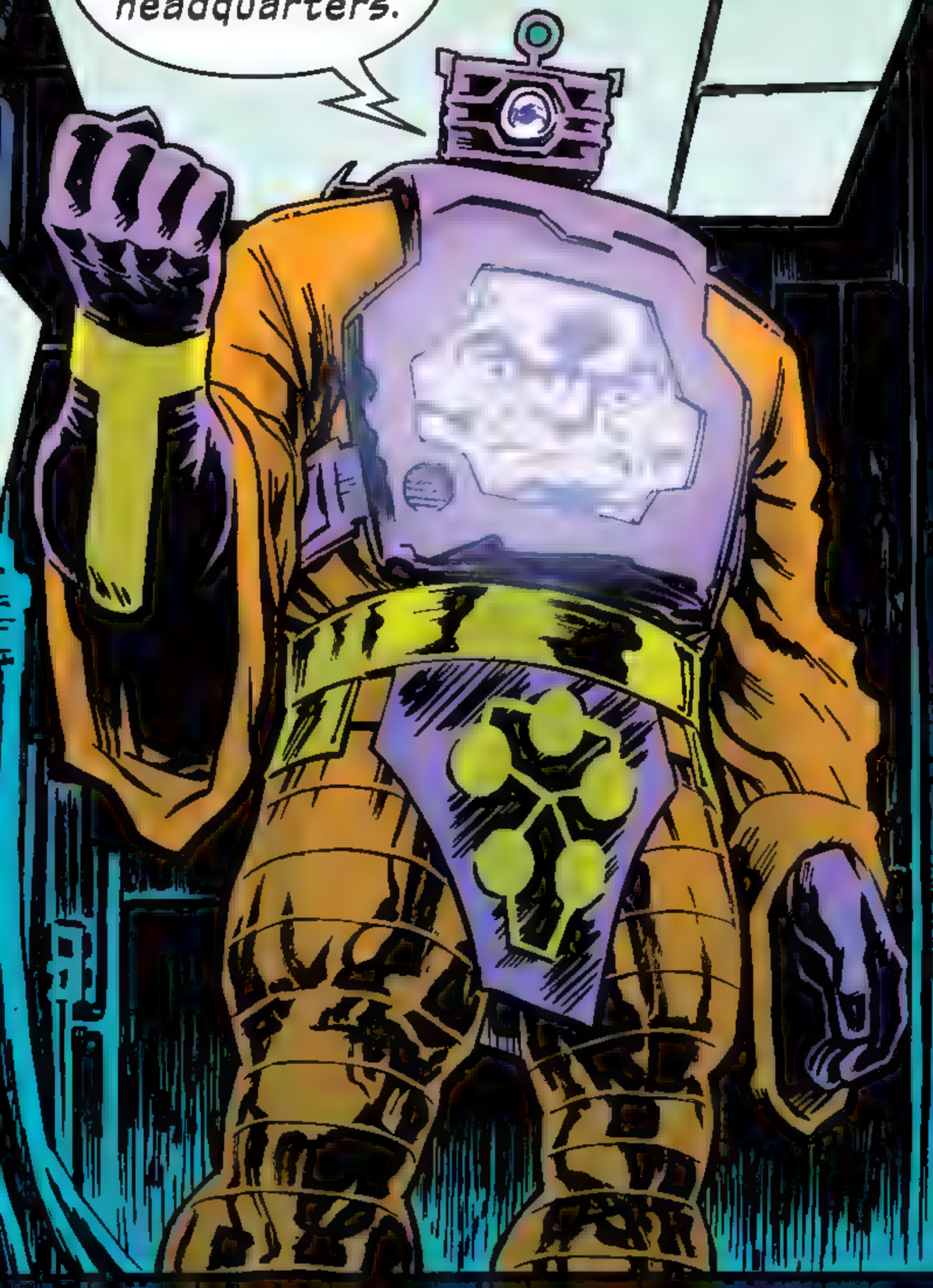
A comic book panel showing Deadpool in his red and black suit, looking slightly annoyed. He is in a futuristic, industrial environment with large machinery and pipes. A crowd of people is visible in the background, some looking at him. A speech bubble from an unseen character says "You should have called." Another speech bubble from Deadpool says "Eep!". At the bottom, a speech bubble from another unseen character says "I do not like you bringing *Deadpool* here.".

You
should have
called.

Eep!

I do
not like
you bringing
Deadpool
here.

I do not like
someone of so
little *honor*
knowing of my
headquarters.



Diddlehonah?
Diddlehonah?!

Schwuwu!
Nahthibaddard!

Thtoobud
Nuthi buthwibe!



What
did he just
say?



Ssusswhissahssissphis...

Oh. My.



How about if
the Nazi scientist
doesn't pretend to
be offended by
harsh language?



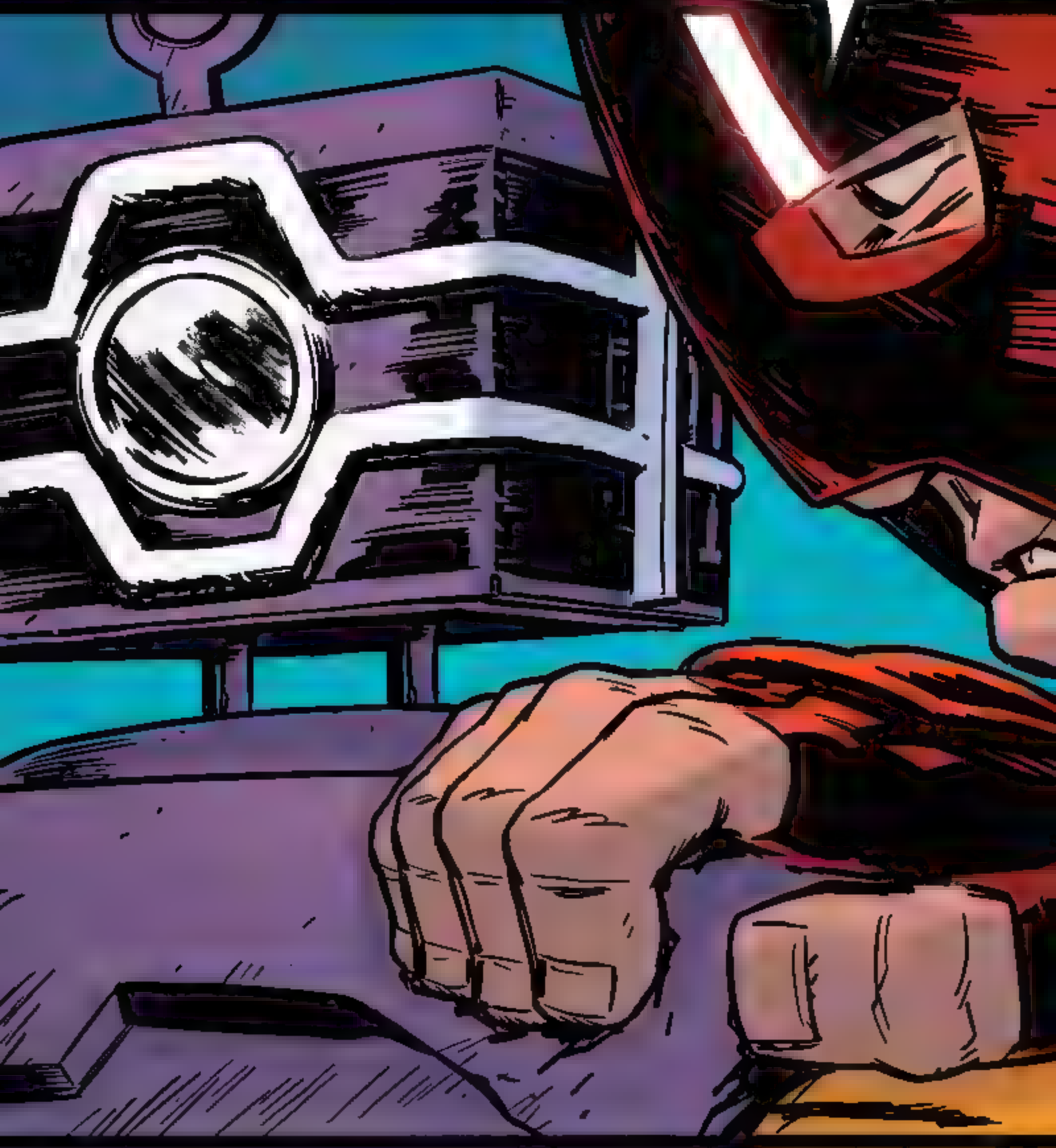
You helped
fix *Quicksand*
and scored us an
A.I.M. jumpship,
Zola--

--but you're
only operational
because I need

Zola

because I need
you to be.

Am I
making myself
clear?





How could
I be certain?
You are always
so *subtle*,
Mr. Marko.

sigh

What can I
do to continue
earning my place on

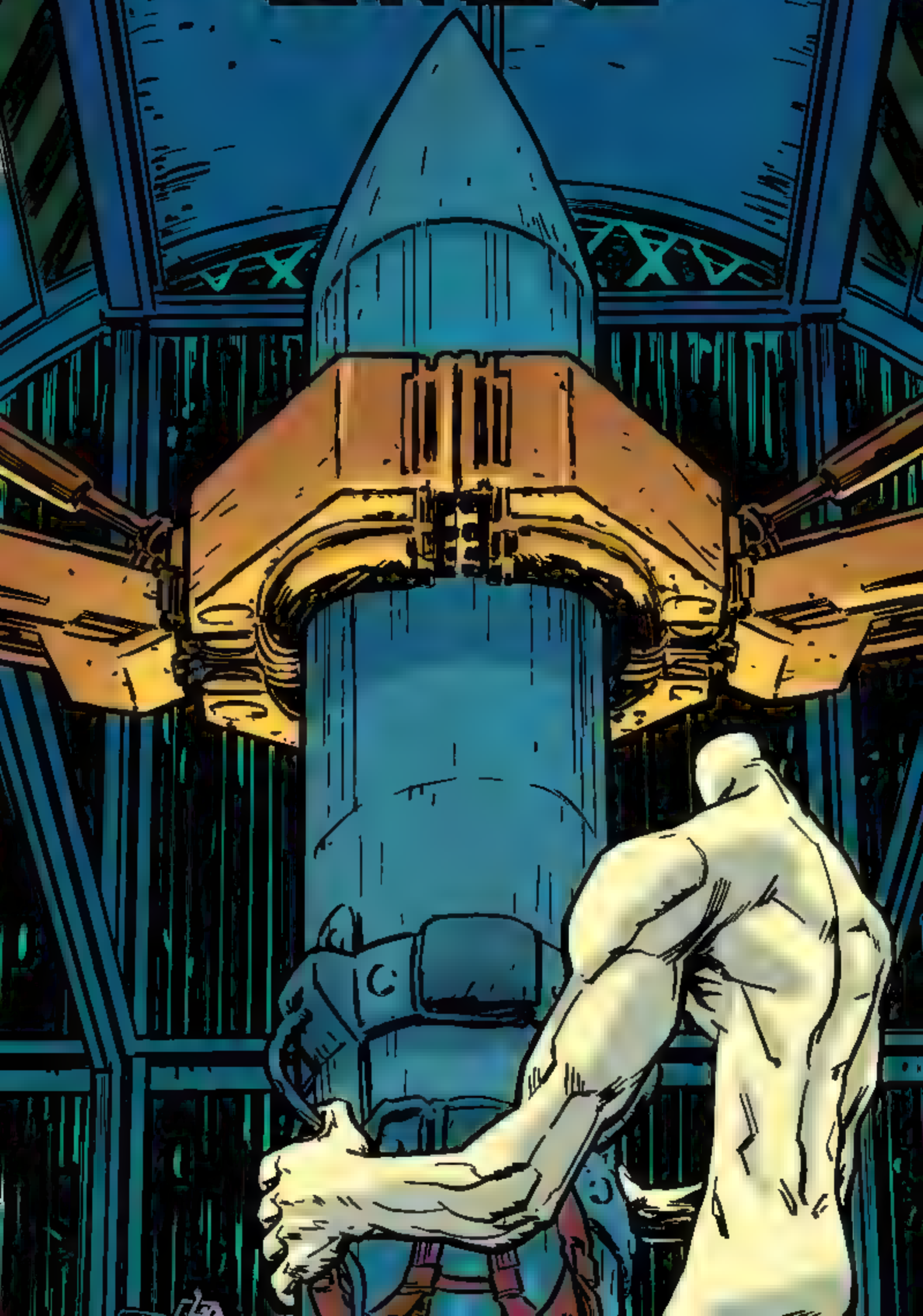
You're not
on the team.

earning my place on
your little group of
Unstoppables?

on the team,
but since you're
asking so
nicely...



**TWELVE HOURS
LATER...**





Do you
think this is
a good idea,
Cain?

Honestly? No.
Best we could
come up with on
short notice.



HethaNahtthi,
guys! C'mon!

We know
that, Wilson.
We're using
each other.

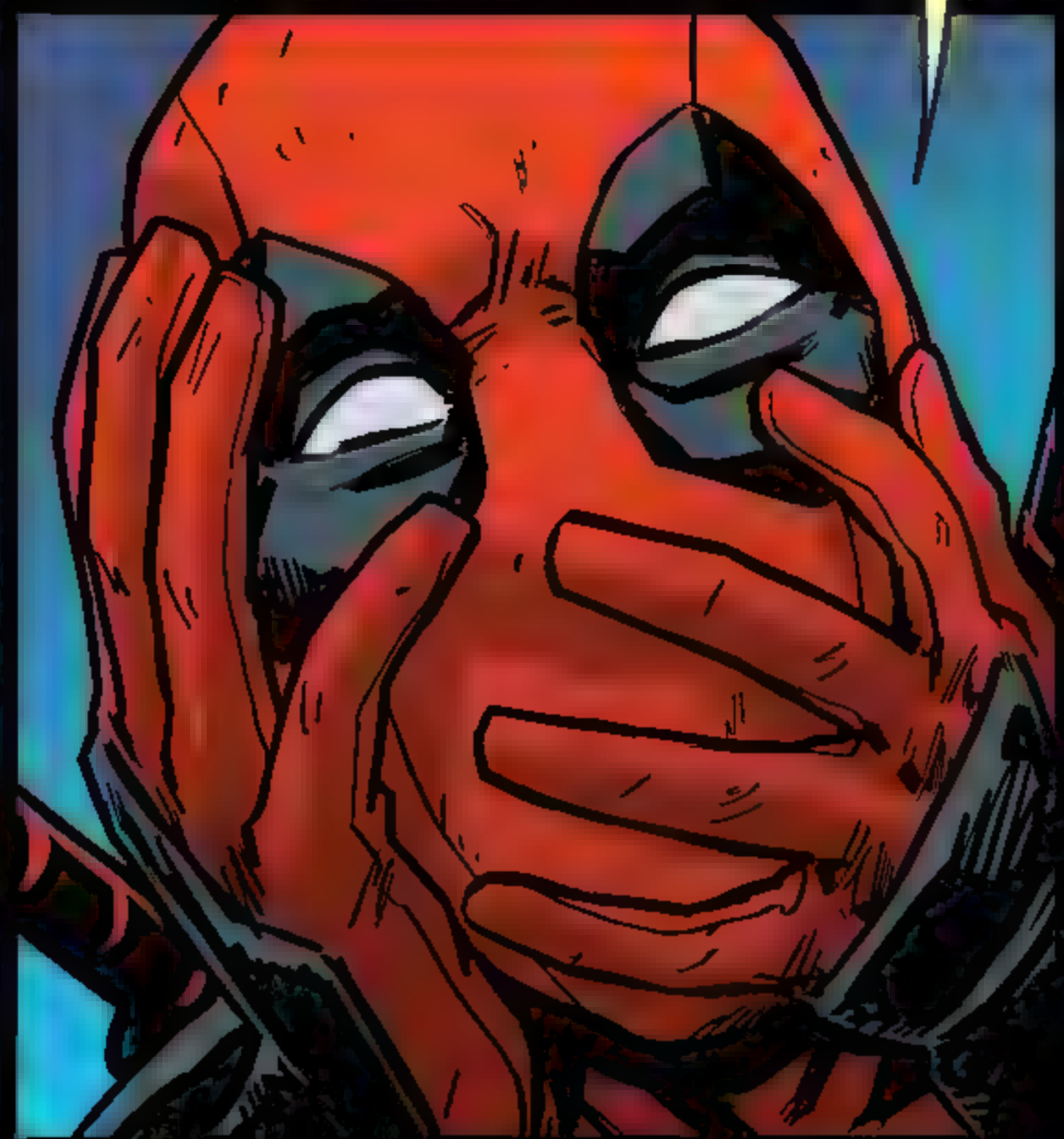
That
doesn't mean
we have to
like it.





Thank
you!

So,
what's our
plan?



The *Warden*
runs a superhuman
prison called the
Dungeon.

It's based on a
modified *S.H.I.E.L.D.*
Helicarrier.



Almost

impossible to
attack from the air,
which means we have
to bring it *down* to
the *ground*.



Which is
worse? Letting
a sadistic, power-
stealing bastiche take
my toenail clippings

my teeth, clippings
and a piece of my
spleen--

--or working
with a sadistic,
Nazi mad scientist
to stop him?



Sure,
he's a Nazi.
Bad. Very
bad.

But,
really good
with *rockets*.

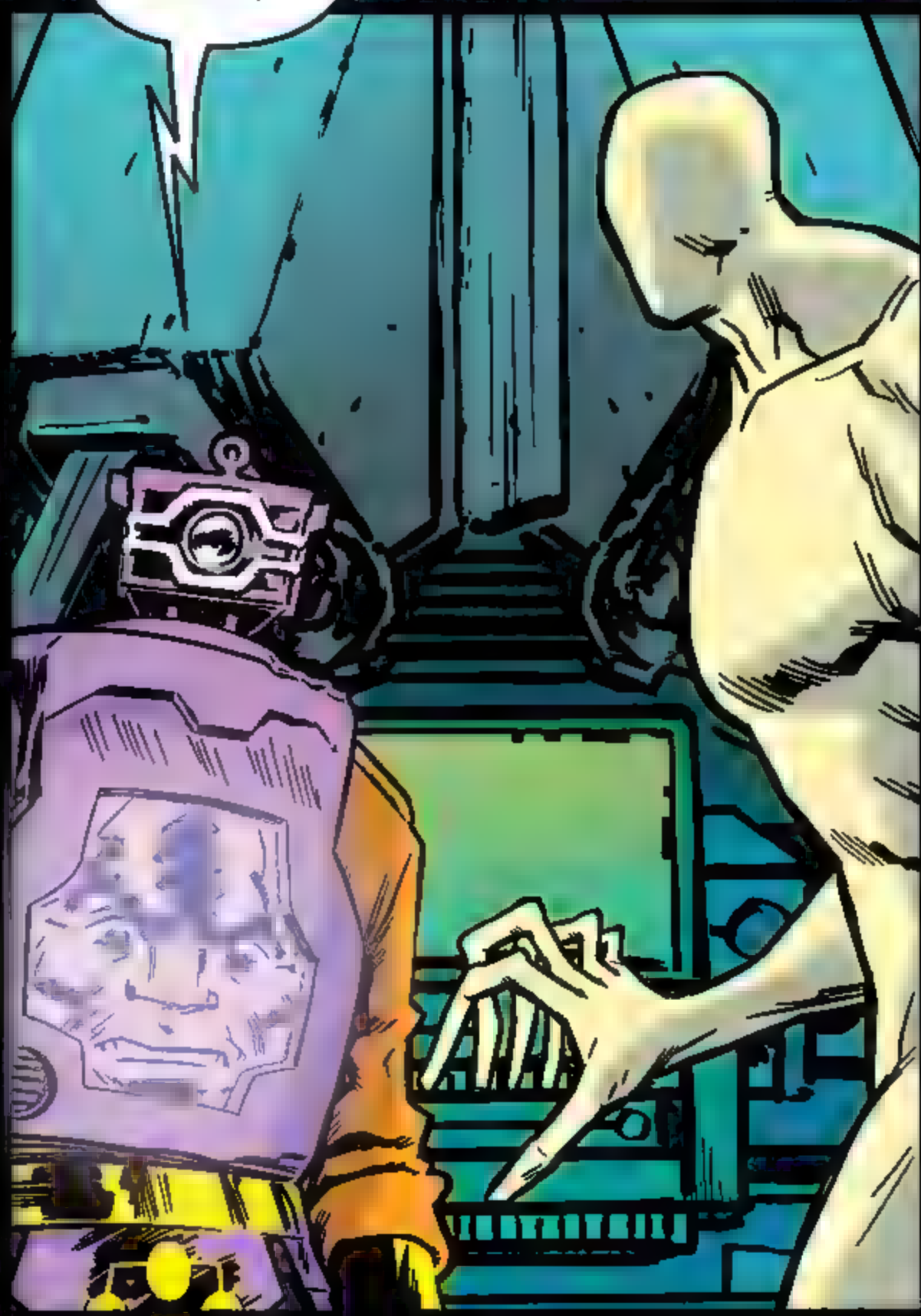
right? Like, in
his DNA.

Take it from
me, trusting people
who turn out to be
Nazis never
ends well.

But on the
other hand, *Nazis*
are like the new
puff sleeves.
Very trendy.

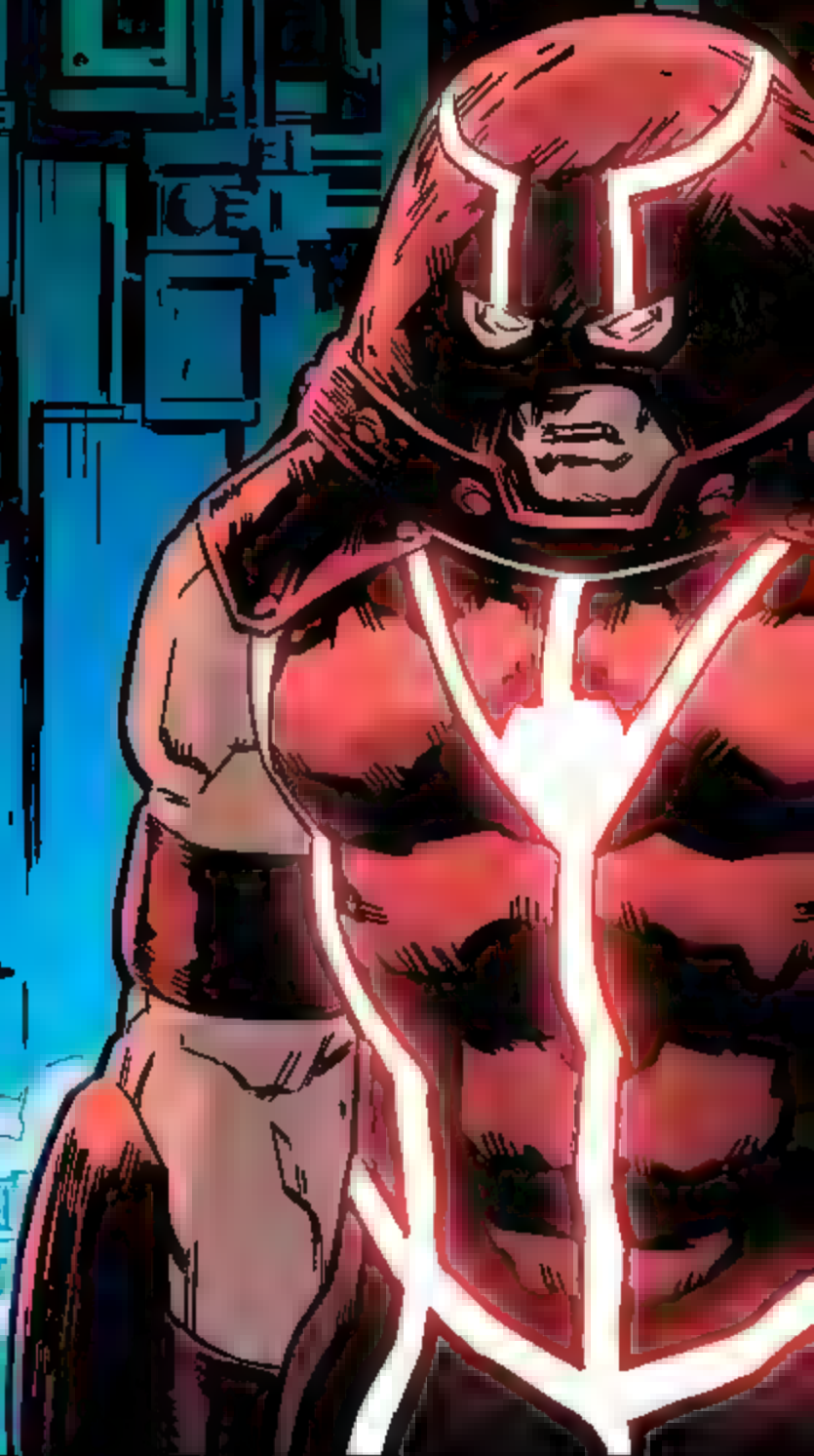
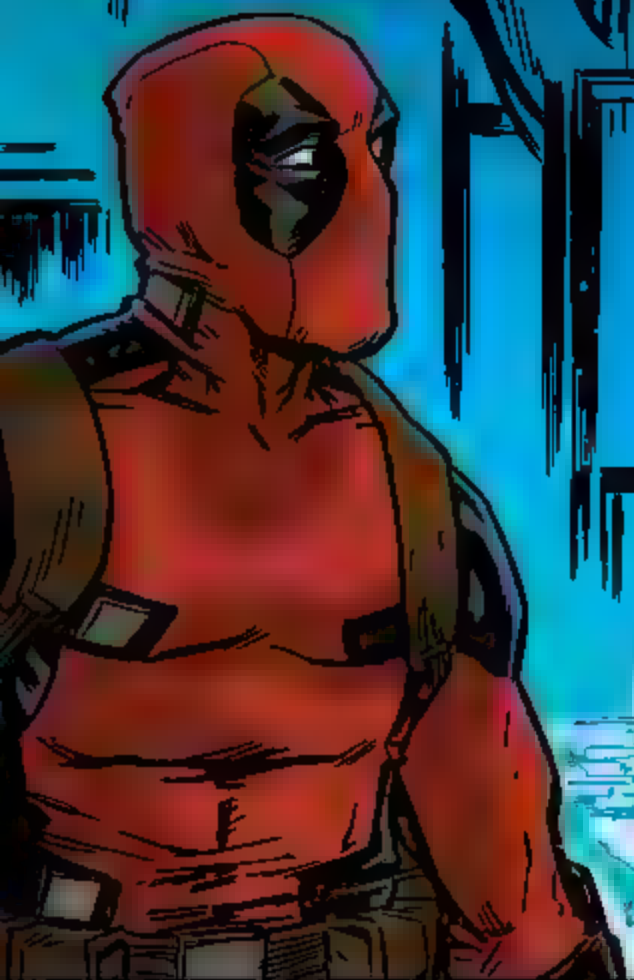


We are
ready.



You really
trust that thing
is going to be able
to carry all
of us?

No,
because...



"...it doesn't
have to carry
all of us..."







CRASH

**NEXT:
DOWN GOES
FRAZIER!**

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